editor in chief
EMMA IRENE BURKE

art director
HALLIE FROST

publisher
HENRY KORMAN

multimedia director
MILES SHEPARD

cover painting
HALLIE FROST

editor's heads
HARRISON SMITH

writers
PATRICK DUNHAM , MILES SHEPARD, HENRY KORMAN, EMMA BURKE, TAYLOR GRIGGS, GABE SPRINTS, DOROTHEA MOSMAN, EMILY ERIKSON, GRACE BAKER, BILLY KING, ERIN SATTERTHWAITE, IRIS KITTLESON, DAGNY DANIEL, ANNALEE NOCK, ZEEYA ASPANDIAR, JANE CONWAY, AURORA LAYBOURN-CANDLISH, SOPHIE ALBANIS,

artists
CLANCY O'CONNOR, JANE CONWAY, ELIJAH ROTH, HANNAH MARKOVIC, ANNA MARIE BALDWIN, CULLEN SHARP, COURTNEY DAUM

board of directors
CARA MEREDINO, STEPHEN PERSON, SCOT BRASWELL, SARA BRICKNER, KOREY SCHULTZ, SCOTT E. CARVER, HALEY A. LOVETT, JENNIFER HILL, RYAN BORNHEIMER, RACHEL M. SIMS, BRIAN A. BOONE, SARAH AICHINGER-MANGERSON, ROBERT K. ELDER, AUTUMN MADRANO, SAM PARKS, MIKE RUSSELL, CLIFF PENNING

EDITOR'S NOTE

I am not a proponent of "self care" in the way the term has been popularized by Buzzfeed and my ex-therapist, but the only antitdote for this past long, shitty winter was indulging my soul in any pleasure I could find in Eugene, Oregon. This included indulging in the surprisingly woke Americana of Friday Night Lights, the very self indulgent Brit pop genre, a lot of fructose and alarm snoozing. I often felt guilty during these spells of indulgence in the face of homework, national crisis and other base level human obligation but as long as one can stay woke while swaddled I think it's okay to feed your own indulgences. In choosing "indulgence" as this issue's theme we wanted to express our positive associations with the word and disassociate from the negative. I'm incredibly proud of the text heavy nature of this issue and the work submitted. When viewed through a pessimistic lens, writing can appear one of the most self indulgent art forms-- but I think all of our staff used it for good and produced some truly motivating, important work. Thank you to all the writers and artists and friends who indulged us all term long-- you're all baroque cherubs to me.

Emma Burke

In the fourteenth century Rome, a couple hundred Florins (money) tossed at a Sin (masturbating) could negotiate a few years off your time spent in Purgatory hauling really big rocks or having your eyes sewn shut. Conservatives would later condemn the selling of "Indulgences:" as "where the Catholic Church went wrong" and I think this is historically why I feel deliciously guilty while peeing in every shower I use. The Eugene Municiple Parking Court is a modern corrupted institution placing itself between peasants and salvation (a place to put one's vehicle) and I denounce this flagrant commodification of redemption at least until I can afford a new bike. I have spent an inordinate amount of time this term reviewing Kardashian make-up tutorials as I attempted to render Kim's cheek bones in oily burnt sienna but that was in the name of production. As a squirrel living in this culture of late capitalism I tend to indulge in paying my bills on time while purchasing shitty Allen Bro's coffee every day of this sisyphean excursion- what's the difference? A few florins. Ti amo.

Hallie Frost

OFFICIAL STUFF

OREGON VOICE is published as many times as we want per academic year. Any and all official or unofficial or superficial nonsense can be directed to 1228 Erb Memorial Union, Suite 4, Eugene OR 97401 or to *publisher@oregonvoice.com*. Copyright 2014, all rights reserved by OREGON VOICE. Reproduction without permission is prohibited, but the thought is really flattering! OREGON VOICE is an arts and culture publication that strives to genuinely and eccentrically express the University of Oregon's voice and its relationship to the Universe. The program, founded in 1989 and re-established in 2001, provides an opportunity for students to publish works of journalism, art, prose, poetry, and multimedia. Administration of the program is handled entirely by students.

CONTENTS

4
reviews
9
poetry
10
“bonnet core”
14
micro nonfiction
27
respectrum
28
advice column
30
horoscopes

Reviews

assisted living

Of any contemporary writer perhaps none could be better described as indulgent with narrative, imagery, and above all else, language, than Gary Lutz.

In the slim 32 pages of his latest chapbook Assisted Living, Lutz weaves together meandering fictions on his usual subjects: relationships between familial units, the constant coming-to-terms with aging and the body's constant flux, and at the vanguard, relations between words.

His style might best be described as abstract, but this doesn't truly convey the incredible play with language he has typified. With such phrases like "Wherever there are two people, people even anything like us, one is forever the casualty of the other" and "My body broached its symptoms wastefully. It was resourceful in decay", it is clear that his writings operate far more as expansive thoughts than as delineated, precisely articulated statements of narrative thrust.

Lutz's eschewing of boring cause-and-effect writing and utter adoration of the capability of language—he adverbalizes, adjectifies, and otherwise conjures linguistic wonder as no other writer regularly has since Joyce—makes him one of the most original and exciting voices in fiction today. His newest chapbook is published through Portland micropress Future Tense Books and is available on their website for $5.

words **PATRICK DUNHAM**

angel olsen

Angel Olsen's My Woman tour perfectly renders her revival of fifties pastiche with kitsch rites of passage: the mixture of her band's blue suits with her street dress, the blue and white prom balloons, the stadium rock dry ice and strobes. Olsen brings these seemingly trite influences to a stage presence that is unwaiveringly her own in a very possessive sense; as soon as she walks out into the lights the venue does not belong to the fans calling out songs, it does not belong to the obnoxious men professing their commodifying undying love for her, it hardly belongs to the audience at all. At its most streamline, the show was a radically genuine foregrounding of the Self in an age of false individualism, at its most disjointed a disregard for the money concert goers spent on tickets. At its best, it was a sick birthday date! Highlights: the catchy "Heart Shaped Face," the Twin Peaks theme song's long lost sibling "Intern," and the wandering but still driven "My Woman."

words **MILES SHEPARD**

vince staples

Vince Staples, Long Beach's newest rising rapper is a conscious voice who rattles the words "fuck conscious rap" at any opportunity. On March 1st, he stopped at the Roseland Theater in Portland on 'The Life Aquatic Tour' with Kilo Kush.

On the one-year anniversary of her debut album, Kilo Kush performed a prop-filled, choreographed opening performance. I think she was a Theatre Major. Vince was accompanied by maritime visuals on the three screens behind him. Sharks, coral, and anchors accompanied his blaring, hard-hitting songs. He played through his entire five-song EP "Prima Donna" and most of his debut masterpiece double-album "Summertime '06." After I finally got away from the edgy high-school teens I was finally able enjoy myself. He played "Señorita," a song that always makes me want to fight someone. Everyone loved it. A horrifyingly out-of-place mosh-pit opened up right next to me and I hated it. He closed his encore with "Norf Norf" and then a beautiful rendition of "Summertime," a slow, melodic ballad. Go see him.

words **HENRY KORMAN**

get out

art **CLANCY O'CONNOR**

The value of Get Out is situated in great complexity and American history, making it difficult to distill all that I loved about it into an articulate, narrative 150 words (without spoilers). So instead, here are some hot takes that I hope will implore you all to GET OUT of your house and go see this wonderful film.

First time I've ever seen a horror movie where the presence of a cop is one of the biggest scares

Get Out discusses the hostility of white femininity in a way that isn't misogynistic or exploitative

They totally roast neo-liberals which is very chill and needs to be done in more pop culture

It's funny as fuck

It's scary as fuck—not just because of the classic horror "boo!" scares and gore, but it's a relentless reminder of contemporary and historical assault on black bodies

Media created by and for people of color that is distributed largely to white audiences is a wonderful tactic for affecting white understanding of racial tension, when conversations about the "other" have always been created and dictated by white voices

words **EMMA BURKE**

Micro Fiction

COMMODITY FETISH

words **EMMA BURKE**

I put Uggs on the golden feet of Joan of Arc's stone likeness in the middle of a traffic round-about. As the drivers circle me I feel nothing but gazes of appreciation. This must be a commentary on the capitalist denigration of feminine strength! No, actually, comfort is a virus and no one will quarantine me. The gated community of love has my solid state liquifying, I run through the fingers of those trying to hold me (see: everyone). This is not independence but dependence, I've been microwaved to the point of passivity. This is not art but assimilation, I'm desperate to show Joan what she avoided by way of flame. Constant reassurance replaces my Juicy brand chain mail with gowns: white, blank and brand-less. Joan never knew luxury brands, but the replacement of armor with dresses, liftable by male hands is familiar to us both. Now, in this state of slug love, I have only brash attempts to suffocate my heroines with Burberry scarves and expensive slippers (acts often luckily perceived as performance art). Perhaps if they too find themselves cocooned in cozy money they'll understand and my own present history won't seem so twisted. You can't be a traitor if you convert enough people. As I affix the second and final fur boot, a car honks. The driver looks at me with despair. They must understand, like Joan does, how dangerous hearing the voice of God can be, how disturbing it is to be clothed against your will by someone else's omnipotence of thought. What I understand, that Joan and the driver do not, is that it's easy to be that voice and adorner when you're wearing Calvin Klein and all your dresses have already been lifted.

EROTICA WRITTEN FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF A MANIC PIXIE DREAM GIRL

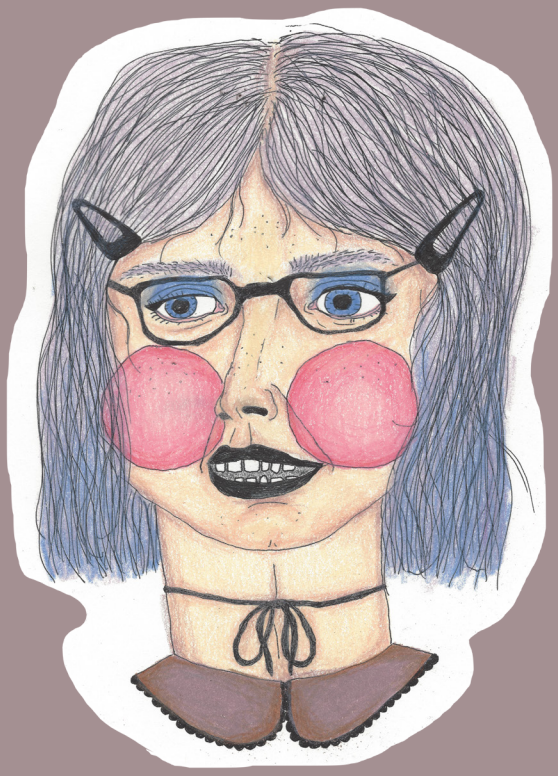
words **TAYLOR GRIGGS**

Leo was propped up on his elbow, his fingers curled around my golden ringlets. He wanted to look at me in my eyes, so I looked down, long eyelashes obscuring my expression.

"Your eyes remind me of the sea," he said. "One time, when I was in the Barbados, I went scuba diving, and this shark—" I cut him off.

"They're dark green," I said, looking up at him so that he could see. He kept playing with my hair, kissing my neck, his hands hovering above my lavender Free People bralette. I lay on top of my ivory down comforter, my head sinking into my silk-encased pillow. His hands worked their way up to my unblemished face, milky white and softer than the pillowcase I lied on. He kissed me on my pink, plump lips, opening them with his tongue.

"You taste like sugar," he whispered into my mouth, bumping his rigid tongue into my front tooth. He moved on, but I was disgusted. I started ranking Charlotte's boyfriends on 'Sex and the City.' He licked my ear. That one gardener she fucked was pretty hot, I thought. Leo stared into my eyes. "Your mind is so vast," he said. He tucked an intentionally loose strand of hair behind my ear, running his fingers through my scalp. He started kissing my stomach. He went down on me for forty-five minutes. I got bored after three.



art **JANE CONWAY**

TUB OF CHOCOLATE

words **GABE SPRINTS**

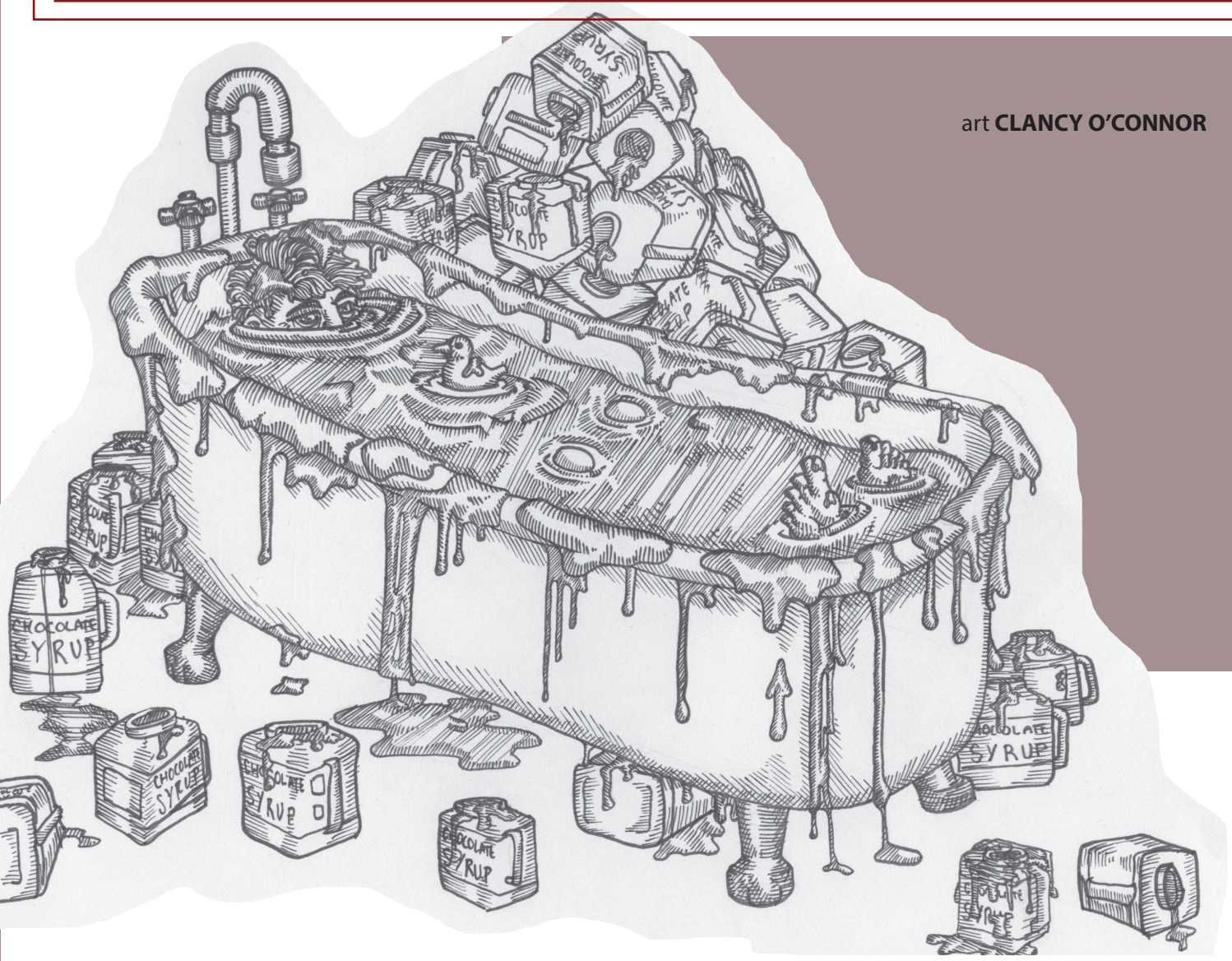
Stabbing her toe into the dark brown muck, she felt a chill roll through her spine. Sweat immediately coated her body and red flush started to spread over her face. She was lost in the pleasure and excitement of the delicious, sweet, intense, and all-consuming bath. She felt a connection to chocolate more than any other candy or substance. It was her childhood. Eating bar after bar on hot summer days was her most vivid childhood memory.

She had always dreamed of this moment and now it was finally coming to fruition. As she started to submerge her leg, she could feel the impact of the heat that came off the melted chocolate spreading over her thigh. She had to go deeper. She had to go all the way into the sugary mix. She could not stop until her hair was covered and her body enveloped by the hot and bubbling brown liquid. Moving her left leg further into the chocolate, she started to move it in a circular motion, swirling the chocolate soup into a vortex.

She stared into the bath, looking deep into the center of the fast-paced spiral. She was becoming dizzy, disoriented, and light-headed. She needed to stop fooling around and just dive into the liquid chocolate headfirst. Stepping her left leg out of the tub, she took a moment to get the bravery that was required to dive into this seductively sweet, syrupy slime. Putting her hands together, she focused her energy into the deepest recesses of her heart. She found her bravery and with a fierce and fiery blob she dropped into the chocolate. She first felt the scalding nerve shock of the transition, but then as she got comfortable, she realized that what she was feeling was like nothing she had ever felt before.

Perfectly and completely at peace in the liquid, she felt whole. As if she had not, in fact, dove into a bathtub full of chocolate, but rather plunged directly into the mind's eye of Siddhartha himself. She had lost her heart, mind, body, and soul. She had lost the physical world and instead, transcended to a plain of nonexistence. She was gone and she was at peace. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head, her body floated face up, lifeless; lungs consumed by that dangerously stimulating and never-ending pleasurable substance, chocolate

art **CLANCY O'CONNOR**



A Tour Of The District

I almost kissed her under the cherry blossom tree, and she almost kissed me back. This we found out later over the phone when we were in separate states and the danger had gone, and the cherry blossoms were cherries and not blossoms. April in Washington is such a beautiful gift for such an ugly city. Surreal like French paintings of willow trees dangling over foot-bridges and so shamefacedly pink, cartoonish cotton candy for miles around the Tidal Basin. We walked all the way around it twice, past large stone faces of old heroes and through hoards of tourists, school groups in neon T-shirts with mouths agape. Two weeks. They say there is only a two-week window to see the cherry blossoms in Washington and flocks flood in from Florida to fan themselves with maps and hope not to miss it. Windows of opportunity can be too small to climb through and our feet hurt by the end of the walk. I was there a year later in summer and the city, which they say was built on a swamp, was lurid and humid and drunk. She was in a small dorm in Foggy Bottom after the fireworks and she waited until we had decided to go to sleep before she told me, "I was so in love with you, Dori. So in love with you." And I had known this. I had known this. I had known.

The only time I ever kissed her was when she came out to Portland two summers ago and we were at a bar and I was kissing everyone. She kept looking at me with big eyes that were full of hope. When she's drunk her Texas drawl comes dancing down the staircase like a debutante girl and she laughs even harder than she usually does. She says before she knew me she had thought she was straight. In Washington in April we wore red dresses and we walked to the bistro on D Street and ordered Shirley Temples with our pasta and bread. That morning in white sheets we had napped together in her bunk which was close to the window by the preschool where on Saturdays at 2pm you could hear the children play. This was before the summer and before the heat. This was in the two-week window for the cherry blossoms. After dinner we walked halfway back and sat under a bench beneath a cherry tree, very close to each other and very alone. She was pink-blossom-cheeked and blonde and her head was tilted back. She was looking at me with big eyes that were full of hope. She was waiting for me to climb through a window two weeks small, and I had known this, I had known this, I had known.

words **DOROTHEA MOSMAN**

art **ELIJAH ROTH**

Poetry

Land Of The Free
words **EMILY ERICKSON**

Where indulgence consumes me or maybe I consume it.

Seeking happiness as a fix, Quick selfie pics.

No time for a novel but we re-re-re-watch clips.

Teacher tryna talk about war in class but to my right and my left students on Tinder, swipin through ass. Livin swamped and fast.

It's hard to get beyond your sphere, afterall your reality is here right in front of you.

Stuck to afflictions like glue, like surface "how are you"s. I'm fine, thanks for asking, drownin in some wine, seeking pleasure everlasting.

Navigating a burdened ship, keeping it from crashing.

Untitled
words **GRACE BAKER**

Showers are always kept just under
Burning point
heat me to my core
This is usually the only part of my day
Where I am completely alone
But I'm hoping one day you'll give in

I wake up at 3 am
And bite into an apple
something that is becoming
less habitual and more part of my being
with every night

The shadows
Golden from the street lamps
Run across your body in diamond forms and
Remind me
Of the last sunny day I spent in California
How apprehensive I was about leaving home
But now, in you, I see these familiar shapes

Cyborg Manifesto
words **PATRICK DUNHAM**

warm your shivering life

with a death read about
train a recurrent neural network decoder

my mechaconsciousness weeps telepath fluid

on romance novels

vhs sediment
the future bleed of video telephones

&

fetid black plastic

it is not what the moving red neon says

but the fiery pool
reflecting it in the asphalt

value is residue

like the amber that holds the bee

ancient

silent

&

dissolving within the slow hollows

mindlessly disseminate the fungal spores of your masters

regurgitating in a decodable form:
technological drool

zoom pavilions

data parks

empty yourself

and let the universe fill you

or human visual culture

cultivate your disgraces

cure like with like

computationalism

is the stopover between

being and

oblivion

folding (with) in (to) itself,

the output was fed back into the input

Masturbation Myth

It goes by many names and none are sweet. Either 'masturbation' strikes an innately uncomfortable chord when it tries to leave a human mouth or I'm just childish, oversensitive to a cluster of syllables that sound altogether so clinical and cold. Alternative turns of phrase are out there for the weak at heart: there's an episode of 'That '70s Show" where the credits roll over Donna in a bathtub surrounded by candles, her hand unseen under the water in an ultrafeminine, epitomized snapshot of what I guess we call 'self-care.' Cue laugh track. Immanuel Kant, who died childless and unmarried in the town where he was born, called it 'self-abuse' and said it was worse than suicide. I don't care what he thinks, but a lot of people did. A lot of people still do.

The past two millennia of Western history, which is a sweeter name for Christian history, have not looked kindly on the sin of self-indulgence, which is a sweeter name for the sin of self-abuse. All sorts of ghastly fates await the wanton masturbator, who can hope at worst to land himself in Satan's crib and at best to collect a plethora of neurological defects, God's special gift to miscreants. Some diseases traditionally associated with masturbation have passed gracefully out of our cultural consciousness, while unlucky Victorians believed their me-time would lead to dulled intelligence, lifelong impotence, and hairy Sasquatch palms. This one you've probably heard of, even if your precious twenty-first-century eyes recognized it instantly as myth: that masturbation turns you blind. It doesn't, but a lot of people thought it did for a very long time. A lot of people still do.

I've taken it upon myself to trace the origins of this particular myth, if only in part because I find it so bizarre -- certain mistaken correlations I can understand, like supposing that masturbation leads to impotence or even cognitive lethargy, but blindness? Seriously? Why? I sent some emails out to relevant Heads of Department and, after the unsurprising realization that no one at the University of Oregon was willing to or capable of helping me, I connected with April Haynes, an assistant professor of history at the University of Wisconsin - Madison. "The short answer to your question about blindness," says Haynes, "is that masturbation was thought by 18th and 19th-century physiologists to overstimulate the nervous system, causing many forms of neurological damage." Medical science in the nineteenth century largely condemned masturbation, attributing all manner of afflictions to its tempting snares. Still, religion has to come in somewhere, so where? "These ideas were popularized by evangelical Christians in the United States between 1830 and 1860," Haynes explains, which struck me as a sweeter name for propaganda. Although the turn of the century saw more and more neurologists refuting the claim that masturbation could cause insanity or death, "physicians continued to diagnose male patients with 'spermatorrhea' (involuntary seminal loss caused by masturbation). When they did so," Haynes notes, "the old idea that loss of sperm disordered the nervous system continued to manifest itself in the fear of blindness."

Neither the sexually-frightened Victorian doctors nor the eerily familiar 1830s evangelicals brought these myths into fruition in a vacuum. A UO English professor dutifully reminded me that Dickens named one of the characters in Oliver Twist 'Master Bates,' then directed me to the results of an Amazon search on masturbation research she'd just typed in. I opted for Professor Haynes' recommendation instead, a comprehensive text by Thomas Laqueur called Solitary Sex. Laqueur points out that after masturbation had become "medically benign," 1950s children "were still being told that blindness…[was] among the possible costs of playing with themselves." This he attributes, in a supposition which will shock no one, to religion. The history of masturbation is a history of sexual shame, which is a coarser name for Christian morality. Philosophers and clerics were the Victorians' predecessors in more ways than one, collectively positing that non-procreative sexual behavior constitutes a sin against nature and a sin against God. "You should feel bad about masturbating," they say. "Really bad." Miranda dates an ex-Catholic in season 1 of "Sex and the City" who compulsively showers after every time they have sex. I think, like Miranda, we are supposed to take issue with this, and I do, in an underlying sense. But in sixth grade I prayed for God's forgiveness for touching myself so that He would let me win my middle school talent show. This is another correlation I now find bizarre. Not quite as bizarre as I'd like.

For all the centuries of heavy-lifting Christianity put in for masturbation's stigmatization, a lot of people still did it. A lot of people still do. In eighth grade I found out that other girls—like, almost all other girls—make themselves come. But it took me that long to talk about it. Many years ago I read a Paul McCartney biography unnervingly abundant with wanking tales, some of them communal: "We'd stay overnight and we'd all sit in armchairs," he says of early Beatles days, "and we'd put all the lights out and, being teenage pubescent boys, we'd all wank." Fuck Ed Sullivan, fuck a rooftop concert—this poses a less recognizable but perhaps more telling image of your boyfriend's favorite rock band. Four teenage boys in four armchairs with the lights turned off. That way, everything will be dark. That way you can't see.

Citations

She was so helpful, I'm going to plug her book: for more information, see April Haynes, Riotous Flesh: Gender, Physiology, and the Solitary Vice (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2015).

Thomas Laqueur, Solitary Sex: A Cultural History of Masturbation (New York: Zone Books, 2003), 359.

Barry Miles, quoting Paul McCartney in Many Years From Now (New York: Holt, 1997), 28.

words **DOROTHEA MOSMAN**
art **HANNAH MARKOVIC**

Billy King
February 16 at 12:00am · Eugene ·

Just watched John Wick with Zach. Been listening to Slayer all day. Is it the political climate? I don't know. Whatever it is, these things have been a good

Billy King
February 16 at 10:46am · Eugene ·

Despite my ambitions, it's taken me a while to get out of bed. I remembered my dream, it wasn't political. I was playing bongo drums in a play at Crater, but I wasn't playing them very well, so Matthew kicked me out. I was quite a diva. Someone told me that they liked my music outside the building. I haven't shown very many people my music, so that made me feel good. I can't really remember the song that she liked, but it seems like it was better than anything I've written in real life.
I also dreamed that I was King Kong and I convinced Jack not to take me away from the island because they were being silly.
I also dreamed I was spongebob in an abstract version the episode where they get superpowers.

Someone went in the bathroom while I was writing this.
They didn't turn on the shower, it's my time to shine.

Billy King
February 16 at 4:08pm ·

I finally reached into my bag, ripped the packing tape, and took a bite out of my Happy Hoagie™ ™ ™ ™ ™ ™ ™

Billy King
February 16 at 8:46pm · Eugene ·

I decided to listen to Pinegrove, which is both sad and uplifting. I'm writing my bike in the dark. I should wear a helmet. I should put lights on my bike. I saw a broken TV, I thought about kicking it, but I decided to leave it be.
I'm here safe at art night now. Friends are helpful and nice. "I should tell my friends when I love them."
I love you.

Billy King
February 16 at 11:26pm · Eugene ·

Zach's going to bed. I decided to drink te last Sierra Nevada pale ale. I'll put away the peanut butter pretty soon. It was good on the cookies, but a little overwhelming.

Billy King
February 16 at 12:16am · Eugene ·

In the middle my of my last post, my pho
room and plugged it in. I laid down on m
now posting this one.
I took the time in the last post to google
be sued by animorphs.

Billy King
February 16 at 11:46am · Eugene ·

I put on a jacket then took it off because
Beastie Boys sweater and left it there. I
Lama quote on them because they were
I put the shirts back in the box.
I put wheat eggos in the toaster.
I've been wandering around. I can't find
car. Hunter was leaving with Jeff. I wave
walked across the street to Zach's silver
Alder on 20th about a half a block away.
inside, put Jeff peanut butter on my waf
And here I am now.
15 minutes til class starts.
I've started keeping a 20 in my phone ca
able to get food later.

Billy King
February 16 at 10:13pm · Eugene ·

I plugged in my phone, and plugged in
from last night, it was empty. I looked a
wallet. I went upstairs and checked on
assignment, he's been pretty overwhelm
wallet, and told him it might be in his ca
down the road because parking passes
him and he unlocked his car. I left mine
Zach feels bad for me, so we went to D
calzone and cookies.
While I've been writing this he's been te
Neuromancer, how the author accurate
future and computers without really kno
apparently looked at kids in arcades an
wanted to hop inside the screens. Zach
hacker.
I told him I was writing a story.

"What story are you writing?" he asked.
"The one we're still writing," I said.

LIVING LIVE ON FACEBOOK

one almost died, so I rushed into my
y bed, finished my last post, and am

the trademark logo ™ so I would not

o feel like I look silly in it. I put on my
put on my Nike shoes with a Dalai
e the closest by.

my wallet. I went outside to look in my
ed. I looked in my window. Not there. I
Prius. Another silver Prius crossed
. No sign of my wallet. I went back
fles, sat on the couch, ate them.

ase for situations like this, so I'll still be

my laptop. I checked my bottle of wine
round my room a bit more for my
Zach. He was doing a big programming
ned lately. I told him I can't find my
r. Zach parked his car about 10 blocks
cost money. I drove down there with
running. No luck.
ough Co. and he's buying me a

lling me about the history of the book
ly predicted a lot of things about the
wing anything about computers. He
d thought that they looked like they
also told me about a powerful cyber

Billy King
February 16 at 12:17am · Eugene ·

Just kidding, I know that they wouldn't sue me for posting on Facebook, I posted the trademark logo ™ because I thought It would be extra funny.

Billy King
February 16 at 3:16pm · Eugene ·

Walked by a guy who's in my political science class. At the last possible second, we nodded at each other.

Billy King was 😳 feeling funny.
February 16 at 4:27pm ·

I ate that H™a™p™p™y ™ H™o™a™g™i™e™ really quickly. I feel kind of funny.

Billy King
February 16 at 11:16pm · Eugene ·

I'm sitting on the arm of the couch. It's comfortable, but probably won't be for much longer. But who knows! Life's a mystery.

Like Comment Share

1

Billy King I got down.
Like · Reply · February 16 at 11:24pm

Billy King
February 16 at 11:16pm · Eugene ·

I'm sitting on the arm of the couch. It's comfortable, but probably won't be for much longer. But who knows! Life's a mystery.

Billy King
February 16 at 11:59pm · Eugene ·

I messaged Alex. Hunter Joined me in the living room. I want to post this before midnight. Goodnight. I love you.

Micro Nonfiction

My Guilty Pleasure is Checking Five Times in a Row to Make Sure That The Stove Isn't On

words **TAYLOR GRIGGS**

Getting caught using your phone at Newton Middle School was an automatic death sentence. Since I already spent most of my time reading The Princess Diaries in the corner of class instead of interacting with my teachers and peers, I couldn't risk a further drop in status. So I started to wear oversized hoodies every day in order to partake in my ritual. This ritual was based in the fact that I believed my thoughts and actions had more serious consequences than they really did. I thought of myself as a much worse version of Matilda: my thoughts couldn't send things flying across a room only to hit an evil headmaster in the face, but if I thought about something sexually perverse by accident for one second, someone would be killed. A car would hit my mother if I peeked at my neighbor's science quiz, and if I thought about how I wanted to punch my Republican friends, my sister wouldn't be at her elementary school when I went to pick her up. So I started texting my parents everyday at 11:31 AM, in the bathroom stall during the passing period between language arts and math, just to make sure they were still alive. 15 minutes after math class started, I would pull my white and red Samsung slide-up phone out of the front pocket of my Old Navy boot cut jeans and put it in my lap, hiding it underneath the hugely oversized hoodie. Then, putting both arms fully inside the sweatshirt, I would slide my phone up, checking if I had received a response from either of my parents. If they didn't answer by 11:55, my heart started racing. If only I didn't confirm that "C" was the correct answer on the biology quiz by looking at the nerd's test next to me…my parents would still be alive, I thought, panicked. I would ask to go to the bathroom, sit on the toilet, and cry.

I realized that texting during class was against my code of ethics, and if I did something that was against the rules, my dad would lose his job and kill himself on his way home from work. But I didn't stop. I never brought up this behavior with my weekly therapist, either, so that was a huge waste of my parent's money. Fuck. I feel so guilty about that. When I made friends, this behavior largely stopped, mostly because I started obsessing over whether or not they hated me. But sometimes as I'm lying in bed, I'll wonder if I left the stove on. Did I even cook anything today? Well, if I didn't, one of my roommates probably did, and even if they didn't, someone might have accidentally bumped into it, and since I was the one who thought of it, it's my responsibility to check. God, if the whole building burns down, you would definitely be going to hell. Fuck. You can't keep doing this. If you check, you're going to die tomorrow. I checked. I'll probably check again tonight.

F i n s t a

Maybe we've all been there–you're scrolling through your Instagram feed and then your eyes focus and gaze upon a beautiful figure standing in front of a white wall that perfectly contrasts with their black turtleneck. Their Warby Parker clear-framed glasses gently rest on their nose as they squint their eyes and a coy smile spreads across their face, a cold-brew in the mason jar in their hand. "I want to be this person, where is this?" you think as your Cheeto-dust covered fingers angrily tap the location tag. The New York Times article "On Fake Instagram, a Chance to Be Real", describes fake Instagrams, or "Finstagrams" as "intimate online spaces intended for an audience of friends". The article poses finstas as an escape, a social media platform where you can be purely yourself without the need for 300 likes per photo and a heart-eyes emoji comment from a D-list EDM DJ. But perhaps that's too optimistic; can anyone truly escape cultivating content for an audience without seeking approval and validation? Maybe posting content on your finstagram isn't the cathartic opportunity to escape from the unyielding norm, but instead another chance to brand yourself on a social media platform. Can one be present on Instagram without creating content for an audience? It's an indulgent concept- the exclusivity, the chance for a select few important individuals to catch a glimpse of the 'real' moments of your life. What makes this different than any other social media platform? Yet, the rigid standards of what is "appropriate" to add to your social media are harsh and are often geared toward slut shaming. Many people tend to believe that your social media platforms are a digitize embodiment of your character. Kim Kardashian can't post a topless picture of herself without Piers Morgan declaring of the death of feminism, just as any Instagram user cannot display any hint of sexuality without the possibility of public disapproval and the risk of deterring a prospective employer. In a world of perfectly curated and Linkedin-approved Instagrams, perhaps you deserve a break from this constant supervision and unspoken "rules". Everyone is seeking approval from an audience, everyone is attempting to maintain an image and everyone is just documenting their youth before they inevitably die in obscurity. Except the detox tea models, they live forever.

words **ERIN SATTERTHWAITE**

N o r m i e

words **IRIS KITTLESON**

The Victorian is one of the last vestiges of the "old" downtown, before the big quake of '89 that knocked down everything unique or interesting and was bulldozed away for concrete, glass and drought friendly landscaping. My dad says it used to be a hypnotist dentist's office, but to me it is just a coffee house/punk venue where I bare witness to a hoard of white dreads, tattoos of sacred geometry and hard drug use in broad daylight.

The smoke makes me cough as soon as I step onto the property. Luckily, I have my inhaler in my purse. I try to be subtle as I shake it behind my back. It's easy to escape the conversation I'm not being included in as I put my face behind a tree to take two puffs.

The band's soundcheck wafts across people chattering over a communal slice of pumpkin pie. Our plastic chairs are damp from this morning's rain.

"There was the hottest guy at NA last night," G says, crumbs spilling out of her lips. "He had like, three neck tattoos. It's too bad that all the hottest people are addicts".

As I gaze down at the sea of steel toed boots, funky platforms and Doc Martens, I gasp in horror. My toes looked like hermit crabs without shells: I can't believe I wore Reef flip flops to a punk show. I try to blend in with the avant garde paintings , but I can feel the eyes looming upon me. I am the biggest normie here, but this was just the beginning of my fate. I have been the biggest normie in every situation since.

A S M R

words **DAGNY DANIEL**

You may be familiar with ASMR if: 1) you have ever sat at a table in a quiet library and heard a soft conversation taking place at the next table over, 2) have ever gotten your face painted or your hair done, or 3) have listened intently to a friend eating. ASMR (Autonomous Sensory Meridian Response) is quite the enigma. It feels like a relaxing, pleasant tingling feeling on the scalp and can be offset by a number of signals, both auditory and sensory. Common triggers include whispering or the sound of someone speaking softly, scratching or tapping noises, the sound of someone turning pages in a book, personal attention (ie: the feeling that someone is paying distinct attention and catering to you), and concentrating on a task. Not everyone seems able to experience ASMR. Many people discover it in their childhood, even if they aren't aware of the concept at the time. This is what happened to me! When I was just a youngster, the neighbor boy who was a few years older than me would come over to play Polly Pockets and would always use a very soft voice to narrate the doll's lives. I would become fully entranced and try to remain still and quiet in an effort to prolong the sensation, which was like a very light head massage that immediately relaxed me. It wasn't until very recently that I became aware of its more widespread community. YouTube is absolutely CHOCK FULL of different types of ASMR — personal attention role play, soft speaking, triggering noises, cooking and eating, get ready with me, the list goes on and on. ASMR has been shown to really help people suffering with insomnia and anxiety. For some, ASMR videos are the only thing that can put them to sleep. The sensation can be extremely relaxing. Once I found out about this community, I got a little too into it at first. I noticed myself not only watching multiple videos before bed, but seeking out the sensation in my everyday life. This looked like sitting on the Bolt Bus and listening with rapt attention to someone unwrap and eat a candy bar. Or, sitting alone in Knight Library doing nothing but close my eyes and listen to people turning the pages of their books. Or, most intriguingly, listening to Dr. Rick Colby, my Religious Studies 355 professor, explain Jewish mysticism. If any of you have a chance to take a class with him, take note of his voice. Is it not the perfect balance of deep and soft? It is my dream to hear him narrate a cooking ASMR channel. Though I'm by no means an ASMR expert, I can recommend a few channels. (Disclaimer: my personal ASMR indulgence is eating ASMR. Thanks for asking, yes

art **ANNA MARIE BALDWIN**

photos **ANNA MARIE BALDWIN**

Only Bowie Knows the David Bowie Blues and David Bowie Wouldn't Treat Me This Way

I forgot to wear underwear to work today and I feel very vulnerable in my H&M sweatpants. Eric, my coworker, is in the room with me and I can't stop thinking about my vagina. It's not erotic, but it's not his business. He is watching an episode of Archer on full volume and indicates to me that Lana has got some titties on her. I can't disagree. I wonder if he takes me seriously. Would he think I'm joking because it's funny for women to be attracted to women or is it because I've mentioned my boyfriend more than once in this uncomfortable and yonic shift?

The more I think about it the more sure I am that Eric thinks I am straight. I think it would be weird to tell him that I am not. Maybe it's not his business either. Likely, he would nod and nothing would change. He would go on considering me exactly how he did before and my admission to him would be a weird shared memory that neither of us really enjoyed. I would have said the word bisexual out loud and for a moment he would have pictured me touching a disembodied vagina and looking unenthused. It would be uncomfortable and it would be my fault. My weird in-between sexuality would have slithered out of my un-underweared cooter and filled the room with unnecessary detail, as it always does.

Like saying I believe in Bigfoot or Santa Claus or God, identifying myself as bisexual has always been a sort of interaction with the mythic. Bisexuals are the horny cryptids of alt-culture and pretty regularly I feel like anyone cool enough to be not bisexual kind of wishes I didn't exist, or at least that I would stop talking about my identity and put it on my Myspace page already.

And when I say cool enough I don't mean it in a funny bitter way, I say it in a this is usually how I feel sort of way. It's cooler to be gay because there's none of the pesky straightness thrown into the mix, it's cooler to be straight because at least it's "normal"; being bisexual is a selfish grab at the both and ultimately a failure to fit into either. Somehow bisexuality is not viewed as its own identity, but rather as a nebulous spot between the two and while I will claim the word liminal at the drop of a hat, it is difficult to find hope when the most prevalent sexual identities only view you as not enough to hang.

Painfully enough, I find most often I am excluded in queer communities. It's not that I am told to leave, but there is an implicit attitude that since I am currently dating a boy, I don't really get it. In a nation that is violent and homophobic, there is a kinship in queerness that acknowledges the shared struggle of being a big bad Other, and even though I and literally every other bisexual I know experiences this struggle every day, the lack of visibility present in "straight" relationships often gets our access to this kinship revoked.

> "I am very tired of feeling like it is inappropriate or selfish or indulgent to share my experience, to insist on identity, to define my sexuality."

And if I give into my internalized biphobia I get it. When I hold my boyfriend's hand in public no one would know I was queer unless I told them. I am invisible in my queerness. I am choosing to indulge in myself when I even use that word. It would be safer to say straight and call it a day. Of course it seems more difficult to be gay and visible in America right now, but hierarchies of danger are impossible to dissect and the fact is there is danger in any non-straight identity and the fact is that bisexuals are not straight. It is dangerous to tell me and my fellow bisexuals that we are. It is dangerous to tell a person that they cannot exist. It is dangerous to live inside a body that is not welcomed home, and when I say home I mean queer spaces and I mean it explicitly. I mean to say I am very tired of feeling like it is inappropriate or selfish or indulgent to share my experience, to insist on identity, to define my sexuality. I mean I am tired of lesbian women and gay men acting like I am not enough queer for them and that I cannot understand what it is like to feel endangered simply for saying my name. I mean I am bisexual in a big way and the reason it is hard for gay people or straight people to compare themselves to me is because I am an entirely different thing.

Sexuality being a spectrum is a highly-touted theory, and I'm not well read enough to dismantle the kinsey scale, but by now I'm sure most people reading this are aware that binaries should be challenged and what I'm saying is that bisexual isn't a space between point A and point B, one could almost call it a point C, and when I ask for representation it's not to limit True Gay people but in advocacy for mine, because right now "bi" is still mostly viewed as a Hot Topic emo adjective, or a stepping stone for a half closeted man.

At the end of the night, I still haven't told Eric anything about my sexuality. I haven't stopped feeling uncomfortable about my vagina or what it is interested in. I do kegels to see if it will help me keep all the messy bisexuality inside me and it obviously does not work. I am still bisexual and angry about it. I still feel like I am drinking a gaudy glass of wine when I say anything to anyone about my identity. After writing this I have more shame than I did before, because I have made such a fuss from it all. But I do not wish I was straight. I am excited to go home and see my bisexual roommate.

words **ANNALEE NOCK**

Mother Mine

It is what some might call the witching hour when The Mafia returns home. He unlocks the door, steps over the threshold, then freezes in his tracks. She's sitting there across the floor in her plush armchair that faces the door. From this distance he can see the anticipation in her wiggling, sagging jowls. How long has she waited for him?

"Why do you hurt people?" she asks. She's trying to be strong; there's a resoluteness in her voice. A long pause follows before she tries again, "Why do you hurt people?" Silence. He sees her stiffen with the cold draft.

In one swift movement he steps forward and shoves the door closed. He strides toward her but stops at a healthy distance lest he lose control. In his soft spoken, almost boyish voice he finally says, "Mother, whatever do you mean?"

"Cut the rubbish and tell me: what are you? Some kind of sadist?"

In the past week, he'd let go a little. He immolated a ballerina bathing herself in sangria, split a lawyer down the middle with an axe, buried some old friends alive, sped through late-night drive-thrus picking off workers, blah blah blah. It was a good week, the best in a long, long time.

He shrugs,"I'm not so sure." Now, his head is cocked to the side and he smiles softly. His wide brown eyes are glued to her hypnotic blue irises. "But rest assured, mother, I am only a reflection of you. Perhaps you can ask yourself the same question." In truth, he knows they are nothing alike. He's made sure of that.

Once she had been a bright student. But convention caught up with ambition and her dream of becoming a doctor was sacrificed for marriage and two boys. This sad story of hers The Mafia had heard throughout childhood. It always left him with a smug satisfaction, but one that paled in comparison to the pride he felt when he heard how excruciating his birth had been for her.

"I don't know where I went wrong with you. I loved both of you to the fullest, I served both of you to the fullest. I have nothing to show for my devotion."

He can't help but cringe at how self-absorbed she sounds. "It's okay, mother, it's okay. You of all people should know that everything can be done with the best of intentions and yet be an absolute failure. You can raise a brilliant son, watch him become wildly successful, ship him to a sunny Californian town, and voila, he may still wind up at the end of a rope."

Her eyes widen, her voice raises, "Don't you dare–"

"Listen, woman. You fucked it all up when you decided to give birth in the first place. This earth is collapsing in on itself like one miserable hellhole and for some truly twisted reason, ignorami like you insist on posterity. You and your type are the root of all crime and suffering." The Mafia trembles with lividity. He stoops to her level to better convict her with his glare."

The mother looks at him with a severe look. There's neither surprise nor fear in her eyes. She knows not the extent of his violence, but deep in her stomach she knows she has waited too long. A mixture of corrosive guilt and worry begin to swirl. Sitting there facing him, she begins to pray to the angels for help. She prays they protect the people of the village till morning, she prays for fortitude, and she begs for forgiveness for both The Mafia and herself.

"Get out. " she manages firmly.
And he leaves her to rot.

The sun hangs lower in the sky when The Mafia enters the corner church. The white marble flooring and high indigo ceiling littered with gold stars nauseate him. Something about a constrictive divine presence under a false sky—but he doesn't care to develop the thought. He scurries into the last confession booth on the right.

On the other side of the grate meditates the priest in the dim, warm light. Well, the priest is hardly a serious priest in all his modernity. The Mafia gleans comfort from the irreverence and unconventionality of this man. The two have known each other since school days. The Mafia comes to this booth often.

The Mafia begins, "Father, I am rarely driven to force or violence, but recently odious thoughts towards my moth--"

"Cigarette?" The priest offers a fag through the grate which The Mafia accepts graciously. Simultaneously they light up and with one puff fill the space with smoke. "Yes, so you were saying, you resent mama. Why ever?"

"The entirety of life is difficult questions and a struggle for stability, Father. There is little joy or relief to redeem the pain of the endless days. I see only misery and I want to end it. But women keep churning out new life. All evildoers and pained saints arrived from a womb. None are to blame but the woman."

The priest takes a long drag on his cigarette. "Do you really believe there is no joy in life? Perhaps couples who have children are not as hopeless as you. How long have you seen the world this way?"

"Years ago, I had been reading Dumas' The Count of Monte Cristo and I asked my brother what he would do if, like Danglars or Fernand, his raison d'être was snatched away by another man? To seize it back would bring upon a terrible vengeance, but to live without it would be devastating."

"Why not ask him what he would do were he Dantès?"

The Mafia waves the question aside, "Anyway, my ten-year-old brother concluded that he would kill himself. I realized then, this existence is a zero sum game which has been dressed up for millennia."

The priest remembers the brother. He sighs out a seemingly endless cloud. "You need help. Go seek it elsewhere. I have my secret family to visit before dark. I have children to tuck in."

"I don't want help, Father. I want out."

"Get help. You can't put yourself or others out of misery. Each life is a miracle to be cherished."

There is not much heart in what the priest says, but he believes his words. He cannot empathize with the figure to his side. Still, he wonders who, if anyone, has failed The Mafia for this long.

By the way, this priest just happens to be a vigilante by night. His conscience convicts him of little. After a long string of visits from old ladies—old ladies always give him the best tip-offs— he knows his next mission.

At this point, the patience of The Mafia is waning. His building anger fills the room like a heavy air. "How do I redeem myself and these unholy thoughts?"

The priest begins to chuckle as he considers the
irony of this creature across the divide.

"Gouge your eyes out."

words **ZEEYA ASPANDIAR**

ole somebody
upaw!
oh
no she
betta
don't!
CAN I GET
fold the dog
Brean
Katya
UNT
Tongue
Pop!
Beast!

art **HANNAH MARKOVIC**

Bonnet Core: The Difficult Origins Of A Microtrend

For as tangible a concept as one based on the acquisition of a physical piece of clothing, #bonnetcore remains an elusive subject to inquisitive study. Secondary sources on the trend are plentiful; the heaviest hitters include even mainstream art editorials Paper Mag and Dazed. Though as plentiful as the secondary sources are, primary sources on the movement are ephemeral and poorly recorded, such as Instagram and #bonnetcore themed nights in the Brooklyn bar scene.

Cited by Paper Mag as the origin of the movement, the imitable L.A. "It" girl Lauren Alice Avery has deleted all evidence of her involvement. Her involvement with the movement in the first place is questionable. "#Bonnetcore" was not a coined term until June 28 2015 when digital artist Molly Soda released a series of photos on Instagram hashtagged with the phrase. The photo released by it-girl Avery that has been cited as the source of #bonnetcore dates to almost a full year before the movement's actual realization. Though Avery was clad in a bonnet, the photo's place on the timeline of #bonnetcore renders her involvement to a significantly lesser degree. Molly Soda, who coined the term and popularized the microtrend with Instagram's "weird fashion elite" is thus most plausible as #bonnetcore's origins. It should be noted in this conclusion though, that Instagram's entire timeline of the bonnetcore hashtag is unreliable. As the microtrend grew in popularity, Instagram users went back through their feeds and added the hashtag to old photos. This mad dash to add the hashtag during the movement's height of underground success happened approximately 77 weeks ago, un-coincidentally after the publication of Paper Mag's bonnetcore article.

#Bonnetcore's success as a microtrend and climactic transition from the depths of Instagram to mainstream culture did not improve the quality of its secondary sources. While put in a high profile setting, such as Vaquera's Fall 2015 collection or on celebrity Lily Rose Depp, #bonnetcore remained poorly recorded. Those who appropriated it for their own endeavors made little commentary on their decision; one can only speculate on the circumstances of their exposure to #bonnetcore and decision to embrace it

words and photos
JANE CONWAY

Citations

"Hot New Trend Alert: Bonnets Are Big For Fall." PAPERMAG. Paper Communications Inc., 29 Oct. 2015. Web. 04 Feb. 2017. <http://www.papermag.com/hot-new-trend-alert-bonnets-are-big-for-fall-1427630604.html>.

Stansfield, Ted. "Is #bonnetcore the Internet's Latest Weird Trend?" Dazed. DazedDigital.com, 21 Aug. 2015. Web. 04 Feb. 2017. <http://www.dazed-digital.com/fashion/article/26012/1/is-bonnetcore-the-interest-s-latest-weird-trend>.

Wasilak, Sarah. "Is #Bonnetcore the Next Big Street Style Accessory Trend?" POPSUGAR Fashion. POPSUGAR Inc., 21 Aug. 2015. Web. 04 Feb. 2017. <http://www.popsugar.com/fashion/Bonnetcore-Fashion-Trend-38168951#photo-38168951>.

Soda, Molly. "BONNETCORE." NewHive Blog. NewHive Inc., 03 Aug. 2015. Web. 04 Feb. 2017. <https://newhive.com/mollysoda/bonnetcore>.

Colon, David. "Rip in Space-time Continuum Results in NYC Where Bonnets Are In, Topless People Are out." Brokelyn. Brokelyn Inc., 08 Aug. 2015. Web. 04 Feb. 2017. <https://brokelyn.com/rip-space-time-continuum-results-nyc-bonnets-topless-people/>.

Avery, Lauren Alice. "Lauren Alice Avery (@laurenaliceavery) • Instagram Photos and Videos." Instagram. Instagram Inc., n.d. Web. 04 Feb. 2017. <https://www.instagram.com/laurenaliceavery/>.

Soda, Molly. "Instagram Photo by Molly Soda • Jul 31, 2015 at 6:11am UTC." Instagram. Instagram Inc., 31 July 2015. Web. 04 Feb. 2017. <https://www.instagram.com/p/5yj3Slnxy2/?taken-by=bloatedandalone4evr1993>.

Soda, Molly. "Instagram Photo by Molly Soda • Jun 28, 2015 at 6:11am UTC." Instagram. Instagram Inc., 28 June 2015. Web. 08 Feb. 2017. <https://www.instagram.com/p/4dljeVHx_y/?taken-by>.

How Michael Schill Schleeps at Night

Indulgence has taken on a meaning similar to the gratification of desire. Such gratification is a satisfaction of a larger desire though some small measure of appeasement. The common understanding of indulgence removes the act from the public sphere while in fact we should be most concerned with the kind of political indulgences that occur there, particularly when taken by those in positions of privilege. When we perceive indulgences as being imbued with political meaning and when we understand them as having far reaching consequences in the public sphere the act of indulgence takes on a much more nuanced meaning. An indulgence becomes the act of placating a population through public shows of reparations for past wrongdoing in order to ensure a relationship with future goodness however tenuous said relationship might be. Indulgence might also take the form of pre-emptive atonement for future iniquities and actions that have yet to come to fruition. The implications and ramifications of these future actions is comprehensible, albeit not in a complete manner. Such acts of public indulgence are still in a sense self-serving as they are utilized for particular political reasons.

This understanding of indulgence is particularly apt for politically e ngaged people at the University of Oregon because the university is a site of institutional oppression. Moreover, our administration has chosen to preserve and maintain the oppression it has been found to perpetuate. Specifically, I am deeply concerned about Schill's public announcements. I believe that Schill attempts to pass as an ally by indulging himself, as well as the student body, in small shows of solidarity. I take it that these small shows of solidarity are an attempt to absolve himself and this institution from the sins of the past. Not only are these indulgences insufficient for meaningfully attending to the harms of the past, they also distract from current issues. The recent choice made by the administration to maintain the name of Deady Hall despite an opposed student body is an indicative instance of reinforcing structures of oppression. The choice of a historically white administration to disregard the voices of black students and students of color in order to maintain the image of a historical figure encompasses so many layers of different kinds of privilege and entitlement that it is beyond the scope of this article to address them all in depth. It is possible to note briefly that the administration attempts to maintain the image of its goodness at the expense of its marginalized students. This maintenance both preserves the past injustices and extends them; the institutional racism of the past is upheld and enacted upon current and future students.

words **AURORA LAYBOURN CANDLISH**

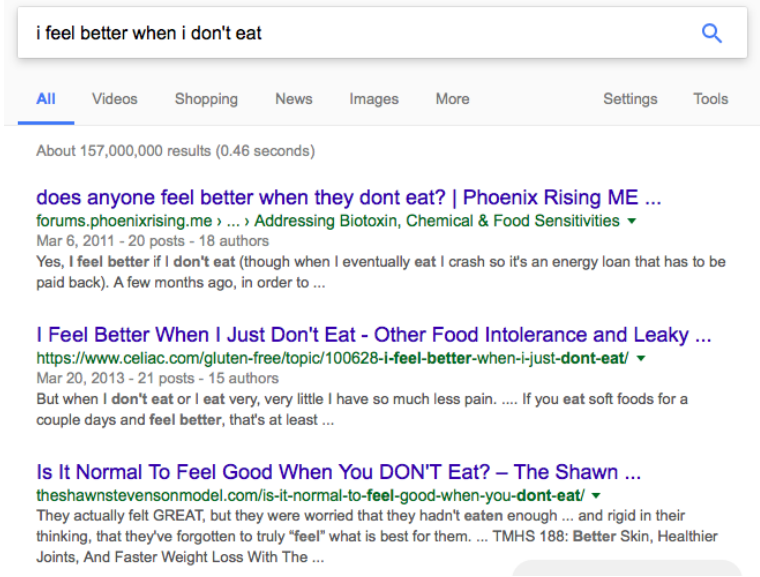
Being Hungry Feels Good

Waking up is the best part of the day because it means I haven't eaten in usually about eight hours and if last night's laxative tea kicks in around the optimal ETA, I get to feel new and empty and sleek until I have to eat something in the late afternoon. I drink three cups of sugared coffee in front of the picture window before I walk to school through the trees.

The backsides of my upper arms are really giving me grief lately and in class, sitting in my chair, I am precisely aware of just how my body fills the desk, how certain parts pillow out against the plastic, where exactly in space my limbs and frame extend to. My palms are prickly with compulsion so I excuse myself from class and retreat to that one single-stall bathroom on the second floor of Lawrence, by the lime green pleather love-seat. In the locked linoleum room I do 150 arm circles forward, 150 arm circles backward, and then I flip my hands so my palms face upward and do 300 more in this egalitarian method, so as to tone evenly. I spend ten minutes in the bathroom and return to class a little sweaty.

At night before attempting sleep I usually watch maybe ten or twelve of those cooking videos on the @tastemadejapan Instagram. I like the Japanese cooking videos better because all of the American Tastemade ones involve cream cheese and phyllo dough and, like, shredded chicken and I don't eat meat and I try to cut out dairy but I'm pretty flexible with low-fat cheeses and non-fat Greek yogurt, it's mostly just milk and butter I avoid. One time I saw a cooking video that was called Dorito Heaven—a giant triangular prism of mac n' cheese battered in probably six bags' worth of Nacho Cheese Doritos crumbs and subsequently deep-fried.

He turns his light out at 11 and I, mine, around 1:30 or 2. It makes him so sad to think I fall asleep on my own and wake up on my own, after he has left for work in deep West Eugene in the morning dark. In his sleep he exhales through his mouth and grinds his teeth and it sounds like he is chewing on cold gummy bears. I think he is dreaming that he is eating.


i feel better when i don't eat
All
Videos
Shopping
News
Images
More
Settings
Tools
About 157,000,000 results (0.46 seconds)
does anyone feel better when they dont eat? | Phoenix Rising ME ...
forums.phoenixrising.me › ... › Addressing Biotoxin, Chemical & Food Sensitivities
Mar 6, 2011 - 20 posts - 18 authors
Yes, I feel better if I don't eat (though when I eventually eat I crash so it's an energy loan that has to be paid back). A few months ago, in order to ...
I Feel Better When I Just Don't Eat - Other Food Intolerance and Leaky ...
https://www.celiac.com/gluten-free/topic/100628-i-feel-better-when-i-just-dont-eat/
Mar 20, 2013 - 21 posts - 15 authors
But when I don't eat or I eat very, very little I have so much less pain. .... If you eat soft foods for a couple days and feel better, that's at least ...
Is It Normal To Feel Good When You DON'T Eat? – The Shawn ...
theshawnstevensonmodel.com/is-it-normal-to-feel-good-when-you-dont-eat/
They actually felt GREAT, but they were worried that they hadn't eaten enough ... and rigid in their thinking, that they've forgotten to truly "feel" what is best for them. ... TMHS 188: Better Skin, Healthier Joints, And Faster Weight Loss With The ...

words **SOPHIE ALBANIS**

photo **CULLEN SHARP**

Us V Them

"Protest is when I say I don't like this and that. Resistance is when I see to it that things that I don't like no longer occur. Protest is when I say I will no longer go along with it. Resistance is when I see to it that no one else goes along with it anymore either" – "From Protest To Resistance," Ulrike Meinhof.

On Thursday, March 1, the University of Oregon Board of Trustees met at the Ford Alumni Center and resolved to increase tuition by twenty one dollars per credit, regardless of any and all barriers to payment. In plain terms, this breaks down to a 10.6 percent increase for in-state students and a 3 percent increase for out-of-state students. Students resisted before, during, and after this four hour-long decision making process with a model that needs to be replicated if we hope to see any success in fighting the forces that actively limit our access to affordable education.

At the Board of Trustees meeting, when Chuck Lillis (donning a "reset the code" pendant on his pressed shirt) announced that he was under the impression the board had been formed and Michael Schill selected as University president in order to make UO a "competitive" school, I realized what I had always believed was unequivocally true. Michael Schill, the Board of Trustees, and our student representative to the Board are forming a highly effective unit to quell student-worker led democratic efforts at the University of Oregon. Together, they will make you feel like the conversation does not have to be driven by what they call an "Us Versus Them Mentality." They hide their faces in their hands while they rationalize setting up barriers to our education, they express time and time again that they wish they did not have to exploit students for their expansionist policies; they do everything in their power to make you believe that there is nothing more they can do for you.

Where they cannot or will not help us, students and workers have demonstrated this month that mutual organization will accomplish more than waiting for bureaucratic systems to choose our lives over capital. Of the twenty two thousand odd combined students and workers, it took fifty to send a strong message of solidarity to the Board of Trustees in their meeting and less than a dozen to effectively disrupt Michael Schill's self-congratulatory speech after betraying every undergraduate student at the University.

There may have only been a single member of the Board of Trustees who voted against the resolution to raise tuition, but students are not only indivisible in our resolution, but undefeatable in our numbers. As the weather gets nicer and allows for more outdoor gathering, we are sure to see austerity resistance in the time, place, and manner that Michael Schill's agenda has no chance against, because WHEN STUDENTS AND WORKERS FIGHT, STUDENTS AND WORKERS WIN.

words **MILES SHEPARD**

art **CLANCY O'CONNOR**

that campus homie

Kurt Wilcox

Big thanks from The Oregon Vocie to Kurt Wilcox for being the only member of the University of Oregon's Board of Trustees to vote against the 10.6% tuition hike!

chill spot

Buddy's Diner

Embracing the 50s is inherently indulgent: you can romanticize poodle skirts, leather jackets and cool pastel cars while ignoring all the horrible parts (Mccarthyism, the Korean War, racism that may or may not be worse than it is now). I understand the appeal of the old fashioned dating thing, which was like drinking a milkshake with two straws or going to a drive-in movie theatre–I'm not exactly sure. After all I am a "millennial"–the closest thing I've had to "going steady" lately is my crush calling SafeRide for me to get home from his place at 3AM.

Buddy's Diner gives you the opportunity to return to simpler times of sock hops and surfing with its vintage diner aesthetic and atmosphere. The gleam from the neon sign lights up the otherwise dreary Coburg Road. Iris, Taylor, and I embarked on an adventure to Buddy's Diner and left with conflicting sentiments on the overall experience.

As soon as we sat down in the booth that was simultaneously cushy and severely uncomfortable, Taylor pissed off the bedazzled jeans-wearing waitress by ordering a malted milkshake made with every flavor on the menu. Later, she found a hair in it, but it was probably just hers. The waitress seemed a little annoyed with us the entire time, ushering us out as soon as we took the last bite of our grilled cheeses, but the sandwiches were buttery and good.

The 50s decor was abundant yet sporadic. It was mostly predictable: a model of a vintage Chevy, a Beach Boys themed surfboard, a jukebox. Some decorations honestly threw me off; there were overtly sexual photos of Marilyn Monroe plastered all over–mostly in the women's restroom. There was also a large photo of Frank Sinatra's mug shot. I loved it all. Unfortunately, the back of the menu contained a Bible quote, leaving a bad taste in our mouths. Iris said that they probably donate all of their money to anti-gay organizations, but then again, so does Coachella. Taylor threw away her hair-ridden malt, so I reluctantly shared my Oreo milkshake with everyone: we drank with three straws.

"They serve breakfast all day. So, despite all of this, I will love and respect this establishment," I said, grabbing the milkshake back.

"I think the waitress hates us. I'll still tip her really well though–I'm in the food service," said Taylor.

"I feel like a teen in an 80s movie, waiting for Chet to pull up in his cool car so I can ditch my friends and go to make out point. Let's get out of here," Iris said.

Don't worry: we would come back. You should too.

words and photo
ERIN SATTERTHWAITE
IRIS KITTLESON
TAYLOR GRIGGS

Mabel Byrd

rotisserie chicken rationing

Annie's Mac

vaccines

Fredrick Douglas

espionage

making out

EWEB

The Oscars

Extra long single bed

fitness tests

Reset The Code

Michael Schill's
"magic wand"

NO RESPECT

RAD & SAD
a playlist

The year of our lord 2,017 has taught me that sitting on wet concrete with headphones in while grinding my teeth is my new favorite hobby. As an elf said unto Frodo: "to be RAD & SAD is to be alone." Life under the new regime is burdensome, but good music and dancing (or brooding) saves. Actually, organizing and actions save, but good music and dancing will, at least, make you feel good. These are the songs that have helped me get the most out of the chronic pissing rain and bad vibes of The Endless Eug Winter of '17.

BORN UNDER PUNCHES by The Talking Heads
Last month I had a dream that I was making an episode of 60 minutes about how David Byrne invented the Internet. He described it as his biggest regret of all, explaining to me: "take a look at these hands... they're passing in between us."

DON'T SMOKE IN BED by Nina Simone
Listening to her music now is not the same as giving her the recognition and fame she deserved her entire career, but that doesn't make it any less necessary. Play Nina as often as you think of her.

AUGUSTINE by Blood Orange
Blood Orange has released one of the greatest records of our time and this is a call for everybody to PAY ATTENTION to work of incredible significance inspired by pan-Africanism, Queer power, and pluralism.

YOU AIN'T BEEN DOIN' NOTHIN' IF YOU AIN'T BEEN CALLED A RED by Faith Petric
For Faith Petric, (recently deceased), a musician and activist with connections going as far back as Woodie Guthrie, standing up against oppression is a way of life to be practiced over one's whole life. V particular and rare communist-grandma vibe.

I"VE SEEN FOOTAGE by Death Grips
Which is a good lead in to I've Seen Footage. The auditory embodiment of living with the new kind of digital violence becomes a dance of rage, where seasick synthesizers are linked to low flying drones. GRIND.

A LAS MUJERES by Elena Rubio
I want to recognize the significance of women's solidarity and resistance as much, if not more, as men are recognized in history classes (at UO and most other places). Deconstruct silencing history textbooks with the sentiment of the leftist forces of the Spanish Civil War: "mujeres, mujeres, necesitamos vuestra unión / el día que estalle nuestra grande revolución."

BREAD, FREEDOM, SOCIAL JUSTICE by Ramy Essam
It's of the utmost importance to remember that the Egyptian Revolution of 2011 was not perpetrated by "fundamentalism" or "terrorism," as American news would suggest, rather that it represented some of the most forward movements of the twenty first century. Remember the revolutionary energy of Bread, Freedom, and Social justice in Egyptian songs as we organize against our own unjust regime.

DIAMOND DOGS by David Bowie
I have a well-founded theory that Bowie time traveled to the year 2,017 and found out he would die only one year prior. On returning to 1974, he made Diamond Dogs for two reasons: to warn all those who would listen, and to put the glam aesthetic in a time capsule.

SHE'S A REJECTOR by of Montreal
I drunkenly said I would write my thesis about this song, and that is probably not going to happen, but I do really like it and think it is a fiercely resistant song.

SOLIDARITY FOREVER by Pete Seeger
Would this list be complete without Solidarity? Listen to the soaring vocals, get really sad thinking about dead union brothers and sisters, and feel really happy because you are out there fighting. The rain is starting to make your hair look like shit and soak through your pants, keep grinding your teeth.

KICK OUT THE JAMS by MC5
Every time I put it on it feels like the audience is so tense the recording might break into a million pieces. Thinking that people can get so angry at a show is intoxicating to me, not just bros (vom in my mouth) getting energy out in #thepit but real, unified, directed, and focused anger is a force that speaks volumes.

words and photo **MILES SHEPARD**

Advice From Perfection

A Self Indulgent Advice Column

Dear Agony Aunt,
I work for an infamous cool kid club on campus, but I feel left out of the community! No one will cover my shifts and it is making my life harder because I don't have time to build memories with my peers. How do I tell my boss they're a terrible judge of character and have ruined my life????
-Losing Would-Be Friends in London (Ontario)

Dear Losing Would-Be Friends in London
How can such a loaded question be simultaneously so boring? First of all, I guess you can call me whatever you want, but I'm certainly not an old, ugly-ass "aunt", and I'm also not agonizing over the idiotic problems idiots like you send me. Between dates with Paul Ryan's millionaire brother and modeling for the University of Arizona's "hottest students" publication (ranked #1 for hottest student publications in the country) where would I find the time? Anyway, you feel left out of a cool kid community: have you ever considered giving up and trying to fit in with people who are colloquially referred to as "your own size"? You sound like a bit of a loser, to be honest. Moving on.

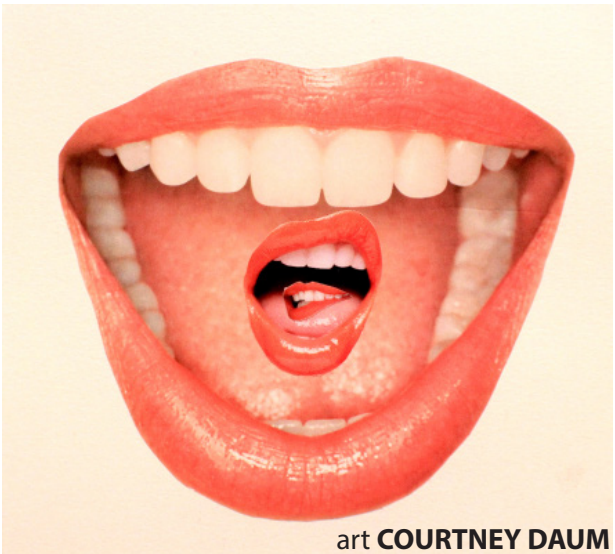
Dear Most Beautiful Person in the World,
My dream school is the University of Central Florida yet my very serious boyfriend will be attending Harvard next year. I've always wanted to go out of state and I'm in love with the state of Florida but I know if I decide to go there, it'll end my relationship. I do like Harvard and could see myself going there but it's not my first pick. I could go to Florida and breakup with my boyfriend and be miserable or be extremely happy. I could go to Harvard and stay with him and be miserable or be extremely happy. Help! I feel very conflicted. This may seem dumb but it's a very heavy weight on my chest. Please help :)
-Pretty Scared in Paris (Texas)

Dear Pretty Scared in Paris,
You're right about one thing: this does seem dumb. Listen, I don't think you have a problem. Anyone who would openly claim to be "in love with the state of Florida" isn't getting into Harvard. Everyone knows that Florida is the flaccid old-man dick of the good ol' USA, and a prescription for Viagra doesn't look to be on the hurricane-filled horizon. Next!

Dear Wise One,
I want to be funny and smart, but I don't know how! People have always referred to me as "the pretty one", and I'm sick of it! How do I make myself ugly so that I can be funny?
-Miserably Beautiful in Manhattan (Kansas)

Dear Miserably Beautiful in Manhattan,
This is simply not a problem I face, nor do I know how to relate to those who do. When I popped out of my mother's beautifully fertile womb, supported by her perfect childbearing hips that come second only to mine, the doctors exclaimed, "She's wonderful!" all at the same time, then preceded to laugh hysterically at the very first joke that I made. "Wow, I had no idea a one-minute-old baby could be this funny," they said, allowing me (and my huge, yet proportional brain) to perform my very first surgery a mere hour later. I transcend every human boundary, and I'm not afraid to admit it.

Note: In an alternate reality, though, where I actually give good advice, I would say this: the patriarchy perpetuates the idea that funniness isn't feminine, thus making it seem like you can either be beautiful or funny and smart. This isn't true. I know plenty of ugly people who are also idiots.



art **COURTNEY DAUM**

Send Any Inquiries To
ovaskmeanything@gmail.com

ARIES

In case no one told u, yr the ruling sign of Spring. Act like it. This season you're gonna get on tv, so don't embrace that dewy look just yet. Your ruling planet, Mars, was in Aries from January 27th-March 9th so if you didn't use that time to get ahead you made a huge mistake. Save all your work until May 18th, call your mom on June 23rd. **Indulge yourself by:** Forgetting to cancel your free trial of Youtube Red

TAURUS

I'm worried you're going to get pregnant this Spring. Sage all the relevant uteruses in your life regularly, and don't have sex on May 10th. On April 19th the sun enters Taurus and you're going to have to face your own mortality. You're not a teen anymore, Barbara, you can't do it all. Make a Virgo do it for you. **Indulge yourself by:** Breaking your lease to sign at The Hub.

GEMINI

It's weird when you flirt with your married professor. Saturn has been in your house of one-on- one relationships since 2014 and he's leaving you in December so I understand why you've been obsessed with older lovers but it's making me feel uncomfortable and I want you to stop. Cast a hex on May 26th and avoid white people. **Indulge yourself by:** Taking out your self-doubt on the matriarchs in your life.

CANCER

You've probably taken the rise of the far right harder than most people, and I'm sorry. When I met Ocean Vuong we had a conversation about pauses in poetry, and how silence and stopping can be a tangible element of performance. Consider stillness this Spring and try to find the home you crave in the breaks between the action. **Indulge yourself by:** Calling your own cell phone number but with different area codes

LEO

I hope you're in the J School cause that's honestly where you belong. Don't fall in love with your best friend. Don't hook up with anyone between March 3rd and April 15th. You're gonna get a raise on May 9th and if you don't, drop the journalism and change your major to Soc. Sorry gateway was a waste. **Indulge yourself by:** Masturbating to old prom photos.

VIRGO

You're gonna be A Lot this Spring, but don't let anyone make you feel bad for having a handle on your shit. Try to make time to get to the spring cleaning you crave, but remember to ask for help if you need it. I'm sure there's a Pisces out there pining for your attention. 2016 was a really good year for Virgos so don't expect much in the coming months. **Indulge yourself by:** Telling everyone you play the bass.

LIBRA

Unless you're my mom you have nothing to do with this. You should book the tickets to Ireland on May 25th. 2017's gonna be great for you because Jupiter is finally in Libra after 12 goddamn years, and you've been really honing your brand. Remember how good your body is. Eat some squash ravioli this spring. **Indulge yourself by:** Punching a Nazi.

SCORPIO

You left some gin at my house and I don't want it. This is going to be a very 'spiritual' time for you but try not let anyone know that. Early April's gonna suck, but Spring has never been your season. Make sure you know how to fix your own bike because Scorpios are going to get some shit during the rebellion. **Indulge yourself by:** Posting a personal anecdote on Facebook

SAGITTARIUS

Have you ever stopped to think for one second about the repercussions of living in a van? If it's not wheelchair accessible you're being an asshole and that Boho Do Me aesthetic is very 2 years ago. On May 15th Mercury enters your house of well-being so try going outside and exercising your body without taking any insta pics. **Indulge yourself by:** Taking mushrooms in the new EMU

CAPRICORN

Ok we took a hard blow when Betsy DeVos became the most talked about Capricorn for a hot second but we can still bounce back. This is going to be an unpredictable year in Capricorn thanks to Saturn's return, so use the Gemini new moon on May 25th to cultivate the cruelest version of yourself. Buy another vampy lipstick and use the rocket emoji more. **Indulge yourself by:** Burning some garbage

AQUARIUS

Update your passport and get your brakes checked. Don't drive on April 8th. Be careful when joining new groups and organizations, do your research, be wary of honeypots. When Pluto goes retrograde on April 20th you will have new opportunities to forgive yourself, so make a drastic hair change on April 19th. I'm thinking something asymmetrical or Sailor Moon inspired. **Indulge yourself by:** Sending sober nudes to your ex

PISCES

I'm bleaching my hair right now and the chemicals are seeping into my brain. This is a sign to lean into the masochistic parts of yourself. In May, paint a portrait of your parents or Eva Longoria. If possible, get married June 3rd. Upgrade Michael H. Schill to a personal threat and say no as often as possible. Your ruling planet, Neptune has been known to send visions in Spring, so keep a detailed dream journal. **Indulge yourself by:** Drawing tarot cards until you get one you like.

words **ANNALEE NOCK**

art **CLANCY O'CONNOR**

BREAKFAST ISSUE

BREAKFAST ISSUE

BRE

BREAKFAST ISSUE

BREAKF E

BREAKFAST ISSUE

coming spring 2017

join us
OREGONVOICE@GMAIL.COM

instagram//@INSTOREGONVOICE
twitter//@OVMAGAZINE

THE OREGON VOICE

flicking the bean since 1989

THE INDULGENCE ISSUE

volume xxvii issue III